

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1919.

CINCINNATI WINS FOURTH; 2 TO 0

NEW HERO REPLACES CICOTTE IN FOURTH GAME OF BIG SERIES

Old Veteran of White Sox Passes Quietly Out as Ring Receives Applause of Crowds—Matthewson, Evers and Other Members of "Hasbeenville" Watch Game With Singular Expressions of Face.

Ring Develops Great Things During Fourth Fracas, and Though Forgetting Some of Pat Moran's Teachings He Pitches Masterful Game of Ball—Woodland Bards and Bands Furnish Noise for All, While Pluggers Sing Bravely.

By DAMON RUNYON.

Comiskey Park, Chicago, Oct. 4.—There sat in the grandstand at Comiskey Park this afternoon watching the moving drama of world's series events, a number of dwellers in that dour, middle aged region of sport that they call "Hasbeenville."

There was Christy Matthewson, once monarch of all the baseball pitchers. There was Johnny Evers, who reigned in his day over second base and over second basemen. There were a half dozen others who had been kings in their time and in whose ears had sounded the wild applause of the crowd.

Sitting up there they watched, with singular expressions on their faces, as the shadow of another once great baseball figure passed across and on behind the scene, almost unnoticed, as the 30,000 people in the stands rose to stare at a boy who was leaving the field in the uniform of the Cincinnati Reds.

A new hero had come to the game. An old one was slipping quietly through a cubbyhole on the other side of the yard.

Evers glanced at Matthewson, and Evers shook his head. No word passed between them, but there was a world of meaning in the gesture. Better than any others in all that great crowd, perhaps, they knew the feelings of Eddie Cicotte, the veteran pitcher of the White Sox, as he left the field, leaving the glory of victory to Jimmy Ring, the newest star.

They knew something too, of the feelings of young Jimmy Ring, fresh from his triumph of 1 to 0 over the old pitcher and the White Sox. They, too, once lived the same hours.

Cicotte's own misdeeds caused his defeat this afternoon in the fourth game of the series, in which the Reds have won three games. He made two, had throws in one inning, both probably due to over-anxiety as much as anything else. It was "tough luck." It was a happening so unfortunate as has never befallen a pitcher in a world series.

They were watching Cicotte's baseball spitball after the fourth inning of the first game over in Cincinnati, and his spitball was "all through."

Cicotte pitched masterly ball. He pitched with all his old-time cunning and skill. Then came that almost wicked twist of luck in his own hand which brought about his defeat.

Between innings this afternoon, a paternal little scene was being enacted over on the Red bench. The red-faced, gray-haired Pat Moran, leader of the Reds, was constantly talking to young Jimmy Ring, as a father might talk to a son. The voice of the Cincinnati manager could be heard of almost every ball pitched by the Red, who was wearing a school boy couple of years back.

It was always the voice of encouragement. Moran has raised Ring, so to speak, to one of his best pitchers this year after Jimmy had started on what looked as if it might be that interminable round of the leagues that is often the portion of baseball's young.

Uncle Wilbert Robinson found him in Brooklyn and first took him south with the Reds, from that city. Then the New York Yankees had Ring for a time. Next came a period in the minor leagues, but finally Jimmy fell into the fatherly hands of Moran.

Even Moran was displaced to send him back to the "bushes" for further seasoning, last spring, but it was found that certain clubs would not waive on him.

Jimmy remained with the Reds and Pat Moran became his teacher. He taught him, first of all, the secret of control. That was Ring's greatest asset during the closing stages of the National league race where he began whirling some fame as a hard-luck pitcher because of the tight game in which he often came out on the losing end.

Strangeness of Baseball. Here is another of those strange caprices of baseball. The hard-luck pitcher suddenly becomes the good-luck pitcher of the world series, for barring a slight margin in hits, Ring was not greatly superior to his veteran opponent this afternoon.

He had forgotten Moran's lessons of control. He hit two batsmen and walked a couple. His delivery was hit hard enough by the Sox, but only three blows went safe. Yet even when he seemed very unsteady, the voice of Moran carried to his ear soothingly and encouragingly.

Behind him the Reds played magnificently. Far and wide ranged Neale and Duncan, who seemed certain to hit, while the infield held tightly against every assault. It will be said

that it was a "tough game for Cicotte to lose" and that is true, but the Cincinnati club put on a wonderful exhibition of defense.

The old "shine-ball king" called on his every resource. He worked with every pound of strength in his body. He was desperate.

Even the most fervent Cincinnati rooter while gloating in Ring's success, could not help feeling some sympathy for the veteran as he made his last stand.

It was another brooding day. The suspicion is growing in these parts that the weather is crossing the season worse than the baseball dope is crossing the minds of experts.

Most people have hitherto supposed that there was something in the statistics of the state of Illinois requiring a chilly atmosphere in Chicago during a world series, but it seems this is an error. The sun was doing his best to shine.

The sun was doing his best to shine. The sun was doing his best to shine. The sun was doing his best to shine.

Stands Packed. The vacant places of yesterday over on the right field side were soon obliterated. The holders of reserved seats were more leisurely in their arrival.

"Tip" O'Neill, business manager of the Sox and former president of the Western league, has a theory about those gaping of yesterday. "Tip" thinks it was because the newspapers had kept gabbling about crowds waiting in line until some of the loyal insects decided that it was useless for them to attempt an entrance without a Jimmy.

Another theory which has some merit is that those two defeats over Cincinnati discouraged the home following.

Chicago is no different from any other town when it comes to baseball. The "Woodland Bards," an organization peculiar to Chicago and the White Sox, which has its headquarters at the old Woodland bar, entertained the visiting experts before the game today in lavish fashion.

Charley Dryden did his best to explain the causes and purposes of the "Bards" to us.

It seems a Woodland Bard is a guy who sings in the woods, a guy who entitles him to consideration because he might be tempted to sing elsewhere. Bill Shakespeare was the original Woodland Bard, and the local singers grabbed their title from him. They go out into the Michigan woods every fall with Charley Comiskey and sing like the very dickens.

Joe Farrell is president of the Chicago Woodland Bards, and Joe is a rich card. He was with the White Sox and Giants on their tour of the world in 1914-15, and spilled speeches all over the civilized globe, parts of which have never since recovered. It is believed that some of Joe's addresses had much to do with starting the big war.

Cincy Band Starts. At 1:30 o'clock a terrific blast of music was heard off in the direction of right field and out from under the grandstand came a Cincinnati band ripping into the war-song of the Reds, "The Stars and Stripes Forever."



FIRST PHOTOS OF WORLD SERIES—RIVAL PITCHERS SHAKING HANDS—Cicotte, of the Chicago White Sox, and Reuther, who won game for Reds shaking hands before opening of first World Series game.

THE BOX SCORE.

CINCINNATI.		AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Rath, 2b		4	0	1	5	1	1
Daubert, 1b		4	0	0	9	1	0
Groh, 3b		4	0	0	2	3	1
Rousch, cf.		3	0	0	2	0	0
Duncan, lf.		3	1	0	1	0	0
Kopf, ss.		3	1	1	1	1	0
Neale, rf.		3	0	1	4	0	0
Wingo, c.		3	0	2	2	0	0
Ring, p.		3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals		30	2	5	27	7	2

CHICAGO.

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Leibert, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
E. Collins, 2b	3	0	0	4	6	0
Weaver, 3b	4	0	0	0	3	0
Jackson, lf.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Felsch, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Gandil, 1b	4	0	1	14	0	0
Risberg, ss.	3	0	0	2	3	0
Schalk, c.	1	0	0	4	3	0
Cicotte, p.	3	0	0	0	2	2
Murphy	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	29	0	3	27	17	2

Murphy batted for Cicotte in ninth.

Score by innings: R. H. E.
Cincinnati.....000 020 000—2 5 2
Chicago.....000 000 000—0 3 2

SUMMARY.

Two-base hits—Jackson, Wingo; stolen base—Risberg; sacrifice hit—Felsch; doubleplays—Risberg to Collins to Gandil, Cicotte to Collins to Gandil; bases on balls—off Ring 3 (Risberg, Seale 2), off Cicotte none; struck out—by Cicotte 2 (Kopf, Ring), by Ring 2 (Jackson, Gandil); hit by pitched ball—by Ring 2 (E. Collins, Schalk); left on bases—Cincinnati 1, Chicago 10.

Umpires—Nallin at the plate, Rigler at first base, Evans at second, Quireley at third. Time—1:35.

FIFTH GAME PROBABILITIES

Weather—Threatening.
Pitchers—For Reds, Reuther or Eller; for Sox, Williams.
Betting—On game, 6 to 5 on Reds; on series, 12 to 5 on the Reds.

RICHMOND COLLEGE HOLDS UNIV. VA. 0 TO 0

Spiders Put up Snappy Game, and Charlottesville Crew Does Worse Than With Randolph-Macon.

(Special to The Richmond Virginian.) Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 4.—In today's game with Richmond college, Virginia made even a poorer showing than she did last Saturday against Randolph-Macon, the only difference being she could not lay the blame on fumbling. After forty-eight minutes of play today the Varsity eleven was not only unable to register a touchdown against Richmond college, but only once seriously threatened the Spider goal. That was near the close of the first quarter when, after advancing the pigskin forty yards, the Richmond line held like a stone wall and the ball went over on downs within the lines, every forward pass attempted by Virginia resulted in failure.

The Baptists made two first downs in the third quarter and same number in the fourth quarter, when they staged a rally which promised to lead to a score. After intercepting a forward pass on Virginia forty-yard line, Blankenship and Snead, between them, negotiated twenty yards and when the referee's whistle ended the contest, the pigskin was resting on Virginia's twenty-yard line.

Line up: Virginia.....Position.....Richmond College.....
Mackall.....L. E.....Broadus

(Continued on Page Eight)

TWILIGHT LEAGUE ENDS WORK FOR 1919 SEASON

Mundin's Team Downs Featherstone's By the Score of 12 to 5—Planning Basketball Season.

The Twilight league of the Church Hill Athletic association, closed its season yesterday when the Mundin team defeated Featherstone's by the score of 12 to 5. This gives the Mundin team the championship cup. The Mundin players will each be presented with a watch fob. Thomas was the pitcher for the Mundin aggregation and McPhee caught, while Bill Jones did the hurling for the Featherstone team and Wharton received his offerings.

During the last year the Twilight league was a success, more so than was anticipated, and during the winter months they are planning to organize a basketball league.

Six-Game Series to Begin on Wednesday

A six-game ten-ply series will begin next Wednesday night at the Pietsch alleys when Vuncck and Pietsch meet Cooby and Thompson. There will also be games at the Pietsch alleys Thursday and Friday nights, and sometime next week the quartet will move to the Palace alleys for the completion of the series. Much interest is anticipated in the meet, as all men are well-known local bowlers and the games should be close and exciting.

V. M. I. vs. W. and M.
Next Friday at 4

Teams representing Virginia Military institute and William and Mary will have a football game at Boulevard field on Friday, October 10, at 4 P. M.

VIRGINIA TECH DOWNS HAMPDEN-SIDNEY 13 TO 0

Presbyterians Are Strong on Defensive Work, But Fall Down on the Offensive Brand.

(Special to The Richmond Virginian.) Blacksburg, Va., Oct. 4.—Virginia Tech ushered in the 1919 football season here today by defeating Hampden-Sidney college, 13 to 0. Tech struck a tatar in the Presbyterians and were held scoreless until the fourth quarter. Crisp got away for a touchdown in the first frame, running forty-five yards to the boundary, but his teammates were holding in the line and the ball was brought back to mid-field and a fifteen yard penalty added.

Hampden-Sidney played a tight ball for the first three quarters, their defensive work was superb once they held Poly for downs on their two-yard strip. Offensively they were poor, failing to make a single first down. Tech's first touchdown came near the beginning of the fourth quarter after Crisp's punt had been returned by Smith to Godsey in mid-field, who ran the ball back twenty-five yards. Successive off-tackle plays and line bucks by Crisp, Graham and Godsey played the oval on Hampden-Sidney's six-yard line, where Redd punctured the Tiger defense for a touchdown. Crisp failed at goal. The particular bright star of the game was Jack Korney, of Norfolk, who substituted for Godsey late in the fourth quarter. On successive line bucks the fleet full back carried the ball down the field for a total gain of sixty-one yards and the final touchdown. He nearly kicked the goal. Korney's work was phenomenal and he put up the best brand of football that has been seen on Miles field in years.

Tech was not herself today and fumbles interspersed with penalties were frequent. The other stars for Tech were Captain Hardwick, Hall and Davis. Defensively the whole Hampden-Sidney team played like veterans. Their ends and tackles were fast and always down field under kicks. Smith, who did the punting for Hampden-Sidney showed rare form and slightly out-punted Crisp of Tech. Tech plays Richmond College here next Saturday.

The line-up: Virginia Tech. Position. Hampden-Sidney.
J. Hardwick (Capt.) L. E. Lancaster
Armstrong.....L. T.....Martin
Parrish.....C. G. F. Hogreave
Shaner.....R. G.....Adams
Tilson.....R. T.....Herzig
Davis.....R. E.....Warren
Graham.....L. H. B.....Smith
Godsey.....R. H. B.....Hill
Redd.....F. E.....Menefee

Referee Sampson (St. Albans). Umpire Williams (U. Va.). Head Linesman.....Bresahan (Yale). Head Touchdowns—Redd, Korney. Goals from touchdown—Korney. Time of quarters—ten and twelve minutes. Tech substitutes—Lancaster, Pierce, McCann, Korney, Farmer, Rice, Brooks and H. Hardwick. Hampden-Sidney substitutes—Payette, Day, Rogan and Lyle.

Following the fatal explosion in the fifth, Cicotte went along in fine shape. One hit was made in the last four rounds and the Sox put up a magnificent defense.

Having learned overnight what was coming to them, the sunfish rose early and took the bait with gusto. This means that the bleachers filled up before noon, leaving the other species of fish with reservations to drift along at leisure. To insure perfect harmony a squad of marines in gorgeous uniforms piloted the fish up the runways leading to the upper pavilion.

Small schools of fish strayed into the Bards' room where water is known as a plain and simple fluid employed in rinsing glasses and feet—sometimes. One lady fish invaded the waterless aquarium to partake of Mr. Comiskey's boundless hospitality. Luncheon was served to those entitled to the privileges of the bards' retreat and that's what the lady fish went there for. During the luncheon and in collected ten cents war tax from one fish that was said to have evaded payment at the gate. This must have been the baked muscalonge.

With one exception a feeling of rest and comfort pervaded the press coop. Jim Gould, a very large expert from St. Louis, occupied a room at the Sherman with Mr. Wray, a medium sized expert from the same town. The latter rose early, put on the wrong undergarments by mistake and went

REDS MAKE COUNT THREE TO ONE IN THE FOURTH GAME

Ring Proves Too Much for the Sox, Letting Them Down With Only Three Hits, While Reds Work Cicotte for Total of Five—Fifth Frame Is Disastrous for Chicago, Due to a Wild Heave to the Plate.

Pat Moran Pulls Off a One-Ring Circus, that Is to Say, a Jimmy Ring Show, Which Proves to Be the Undoing of the Windy City Players. Fish Start Gathering Early in Morning for the Bleachers, While Reserved Seat Holders Come Leisurely.

By CHARLES DRYDEN.

Chicago, Oct. 4.—For this instance, it being the fourth con bat of the series, Pat Moran put on a one-ring circus for Bill Gleason. That is to say Jim Ring was the whole show. He pitched the Reds to a 2 to 0 victory over the Sox and the count now stands three games to one for the fat end of the dough.

Ed Cicotte was again the victim of perverse circumstances, which is code for bum luck. This great little finger passed safely through the fourth round, which was his undoing in the first battle. He let off a low peg on Duncan in the fifth sending the batter to second, whence he tallied when Kopf knocked a single to left. The run was helped on its way when General Jackson made a poor return of the ball. He threw it over Schalk's head and Duncan, who had halted at third, was encouraged to proceed. Kopf reached second on these doings, and was sent home on a double Neale knocked, also to Jackson's territory.

That was about all for the Reds, the fifth being their serious round. Cicotte had splendid control except on that Duncan throw to first in the fifth. He held the victors to five hits. Two of them jumped with a pair of misplays in the fifth, settled the Sox and left the Red pitcher to play out his one-ring circus in comparative peace.

The solid-looking right-hander muzzled the Sox down to three hits. Their one chance was in the second and that chance was allowed to flounder for want of a timely wallop. Jackson led with a double and the faithful Felsch bunted him to third. Then the bum breaks intervened. That Gandil bunted for a pinch hit, or maybe a long fly, turned out to be a pop to Heine Groh.

The fish grew hopeful when Ring batted. Crisp copped a pass and stole second. There was happy edging up on the General at third and both ready to score when some guy produced a swat. Ray Schalk might do it. He had been known to hit in a pinch, but he went and switched the dope.

The ringmaster of the one-ring circus ordered his pitcher to walk Schalk. It was done and the Sox had more than enough material on the towpath to win the combat. That chance petered out as Cicotte rolled to Rath for the third out.

Having clowning this act so to speak, the Sox played straight face the rest of the afternoon. There was a weary lapse from the second to the sixth, in which round Gandil busted a single after two were out. Swat Number 3 arrived in the eighth. Felsch singled with two out and none on. King whiffed Jackson and Felsch, one on each side of this third and last swat.

Schalk copped a walk with one gone in the ninth. Ed Murphy went up for Cicotte and edged a long fly to center. Lichold ended it with a long poke to Groh.

Cicotte Settle Down. Following the fatal explosion in the fifth, Cicotte went along in fine shape. One hit was made in the last four rounds and the Sox put up a magnificent defense.

Having learned overnight what was coming to them, the sunfish rose early and took the bait with gusto. This means that the bleachers filled up before noon, leaving the other species of fish with reservations to drift along at leisure. To insure perfect harmony a squad of marines in gorgeous uniforms piloted the fish up the runways leading to the upper pavilion.

Small schools of fish strayed into the Bards' room where water is known as a plain and simple fluid employed in rinsing glasses and feet—sometimes. One lady fish invaded the waterless aquarium to partake of Mr. Comiskey's boundless hospitality. Luncheon was served to those entitled to the privileges of the bards' retreat and that's what the lady fish went there for. During the luncheon and in collected ten cents war tax from one fish that was said to have evaded payment at the gate. This must have been the baked muscalonge.

With one exception a feeling of rest and comfort pervaded the press coop. Jim Gould, a very large expert from St. Louis, occupied a room at the Sherman with Mr. Wray, a medium sized expert from the same town. The latter rose early, put on the wrong undergarments by mistake and went

NEWS OF NINE YEARS AGO IN SPORT WORLD

Reprinted From The Richmond Virginian, Wednesday, October 5, 1910.

Football teams are working hard in anticipation of games during the middle of the week and for Saturday.

Practice for the Gran Prix, to be run over the motor parkway of Long Island gets started.

Giants and Highlanders are expected to have a game for blood only. Matthewson has been looking over the Highlanders while the Giants are in Boston.

Races and airplane flights at the state fair continue to attract and thrill thousands of spectators.

FOOTBALL RESULTS

At New Haven—Yale 20; Springfield Training college 0.

At Cambridge—Harvard 17; Boston college 0.

At West Point—Army 9; Holy Cross 0.

At New Brunswick—Rutgers 19; University of North Carolina 0.

At Ithaca, N. Y.—Cornell 9; Oberlin 0.

At Annapolis—Naval Academy 13; North Carolina State 0.

At Bethlehem, Pa.—Lehigh 13; Ursinus 0.

At Columbia, Mo.—Missouri 41; Drury 12.

At Wooster, Ohio—Wooster 47; Hiram 0.

At Princeton—Princeton 14; Trinity 0.

At Philadelphia—University of Pennsylvania 54; Penn Military college 0.

At Lexington, Va.—Washington and Lee 21; Randolph-Macon 0.

At Syracuse—Syracuse 14; Hamilton 0.

At Williamsport—Williamsport 27; Vermont 0.

At Williamsport—Williamsport 27; Vermont 0.